

A
P O E M
Upon the Death of
Her Late Majesty,
Queen M A R Y,
O F
BLESSED MEMORY.

OCCASIONED

By an Epistle to the *Author*, from Mr.
J. Tutchin.

By BEN. BRIDGWATER.

L O N D O N:

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A
P O E M

Upon the Death of the

Q U E E N.

WHAT means, *My Friend*, by these Unkind
Alarms,

To Tempt an Uninstructed *Muse* to Arms;
Courting the Timorous Vessel from the Shore,
To Wrack on *Seas*, that She has try'd before?
Already She by sad Experience finds
To trust to *Fame's* to trust the Seas and Winds;
For *Fame*, like them, will still Uncertain be,
Loose as the Wind, and Faithless as the Sea.

'Tis true, the Task is Noble, and Sublime,
 Above the reach of any Vulgar Rhime.
 None, but the Pen of *Dorset* can set forth
 The Kingdom's Sorrow, and *MARIA's* *Worth* :
Dorset, who on a double Score Transcends,
 The best of *Poets*, and the best of *Friends*.
 Whose Noble *Muse's* unexampled Flight,
 At once, gives Admiration, and Delight.
 Or *Mountague*, whose unaffected Strains,
 Reward with Pleasure, every *Reader's* Pains.
 His Lays, when-e're he Sung, have Honours won,
Apollo's best Belov'd, and Darling Son,
 Or He, who do's so well in Living Verse,
 The Glories of our *Brittish* PRINCE Reherse ;
 Where Wit and Learning are so neatly Shown,
Virgil himself, cou'd wish it were his own :
 And would (Compounding for decreas'ing *Fame*)
 Exchange *Aeneas*, for Prince ARTHUR's Name.
 These Champions, wou'd they undertake the Fight,
 Might awe Mankind, and do *MARIA* Right ;
 Adorn'd by them, the Deathless Song should prove
 Just as our Grief, and lasting as our Love :

While

While our Essays but make Her Vertues leſs,
And blur thoſe Beauties, that they ſhou'd expreſs.

But leaſt, (*my Friend*) you raſhly ſhou'd accuſe
The modeſt Scruples of a ſuffering Muſe.
In ſpite of *Critic's* Cenſures, and their Rage,
Provok'd by Your juſt Summons I'll engage:
And in the general Mourning bear a part,
Tho' with unequal Strength, unequal Art.
As a young Stag, chaſ'd from his Native Soil,
Fatigu'd with Flight, and Unſucceſſful Toil;
Regardleſs of his Pleaſure, and his Food,
No longer roves thro' the neglected Wood;
But Penſively to Gloomy Shades retreats,
Moaning the croſs Allotment of his Fates:
Till ſome bold Hunter chancing on the place,
Directs a well-poiſ'd Javelin in his Face:
Urg'd by the Wound, he can no longer lie,
But rouzes up to fight, tho' ſure to die.

How bleſſ'd was *England!* How Serene the Day!
How did the Hours, beneath MARIA'S Sway!
In eaſe diſſolving, gently paſs away!

Remov'd from Danger, and the rude Alarms
Of Civil Faction, or Invading Arms.

While raging *Mars*, and fierce *Bellona's* Hands,
Scatter'd wide Ruin thro' the Neighbouring Lands.

As oft as Heav'n call'd WILLIAM out to Fight,
To punish Wrong, and to establish Right.

While *He* abroad did Forreign Force oppose ;
She rul'd at home, and charm'd Domestick Foes :
Aw'd by *Her* Power, or by *Her* Mildness won,
All Parties did their due Submission own.

We enjoy'd the Profit, yet without the Pain ;
'Twas *She* alone the Burthen did sustain.

Tho' we maintain'd, we never felt the War ;
Like Foreign News, 'twas only talk'd of here.
Even Fear it self, when MARY did command,
Kept its due Distance, and abjur'd the Land.
Guarded by *Her*, the wavering *Isle* had Rest,
Calm as thos' Seas, where *Halcyons* build their Nest.

So well *Her* Vertues, with *Her* Fortunes joyn'd ;
The mildest Nature, with the strongest Mind.

Her

Her Courage, all *Her* Friends with Wonder fill'd,
Her Goodness made even Enemies to yield:
 No stubborn Heart durst 'gainst a *Power* Rebel,
 Thus doubly arm'd t'oblige, and to Compel.

Nor was *Her* Influence to our *Isle* confin'd,
Belgia was in the common Blessing joyn'd.
 The rough *Batavians* have *Her* Goodness felt,
Her Charms, their Souls cou'd into Softness melt.
 When once *Her* Radiant Vertues were display'd,
 They own'd *Her* Empire just, and strait obey'd.
 Thus *Cesar* with a Look, when Stirs arose,
 Cou'd Mutineering Regiments compose.
 Suppress the Haughty with a daring Frown,
 And gentler Spirits by his Mildness won.

These were the Royal Vertues of the *QUEEN*,
 Display'd aloft, and eminently seen.
 Whose bare Narration is a brighter Praise,
 Than all that Art, or Poetry can raise.

With their own Lustre radiantly they shine,
 Nor need a human Dress to make them fine;
 One perfect Orb of Light, all Glorious and Divine.

But say, you Virgins, who in humble State,
 Did on *Her* private Hours daily wait:
 When *She* lay'd by the Grandeur of the Crown,
 And wou'd, just as *She* was *Her Self*, be known.
 Say, was there ever in one Person seen,
 So neatly mix'd the *Woman*, and the *Queen*?
 The Sexes softness, with the Regal State,
 Divinely temper'd, in one Center met.
 Where Goodness equally with Greatness joyn'd,
 And like *Twin-Stars* their friendly Rays combin'd.

Such was—but oh! *She* is no more; Despair
 Restrains the Muse, and checks *Her* bold Career:
 Forbids we shou'd our needless Praise prolong,
 And into Lamentation turns our Song.
 But in what Garb shall we our Sorrows dress?
 Or how the Vastness of our Loss express?

A Loss, which over CÆSAR'S Soul prevail'd;
 At the first News the *Hero's* Spirit fail'd:
 And fainting did a Humane Weakness show,
 Which *War*, in Terror dress'd, cou'd never do.
 With what Convulsions did the Fatal sound;
 MARIA'S *Dead*, th'expiring Monarch wound!
 While struggling 'twixt Dispair, and Hope, he strove,
 And falling, gave the strongest Proof of Love.
 No more we'll blame Physicians, or their Skill;
 Fate Rules, their Power can neither Save, or Kill.
 For sure, some honourable Place above——
 In that bright Choir, where *Angels* Sing and Love,
 Was void by some Descending Gods Retreat,
 And Heav'n chose *Her* to fill His empty Seat.
 While Subjects mixing Sorrow with their Love,
 In Mournful Sighs bewail their QUEEN'S Remove.
 Thus our *Eliza*, whose Immortal Name
 Shone brightest in the Deathless List of Fame;
Spain's Scourge and Terror, *England's* Joy and Pride,
 Like Her Belov'd, like Her Lamented, dy'd.

But from the Mournful Theme, *Muse*, turn thy Strain,
 And sing the Glories of Great WILLIAM'S Reign.

For see, the *King* Himself Controuls our Grief,
 And by His own Example gives Relief.
 Blest PRINCE! What Obligations do us bind
 To Gratitude, since *Thou* art late behind?
 Whom *Heaven* did as a double Mercy send,
 At first to *Save*, and after to *Defend*.
 Others by Fraud, or by Succession came,
 Thou'rt KING by Choice, That dignifies thy Claim.
 Thy Vertues, for a Crown Thy Fitneſs prove,
 Thy Title's guarded by Thy People's Love.

Long was *Britannia* by Her Kings oppress'd,
 Long suffer'd, and almost despair'd of Rest.
 Many Essays She for Deliverance made,
 Attempted oft, and was as oft betray'd.
 Thus fell Great *Russel* for his Country's Good,
 And Dying, sign'd his *Honour* with his *Blood*.
 Disdain'd to live, till *England* shou'd become
 A Slave to *Tyranny*, and Prey to *Rome*.
 And *Sidney* too, for this did Life resign,
 And dy'd for wishing such a Reign as Thine.

And

And that *Bold Youth*, who did on *Sedgmore's Plain*
 So bravely strive our Freedom to regain.
 Till forc'd by too unequal Fate to yield,
 He to the Barbarous Foe resign'd the Field:
 By whose Disaster now we plainly see,
 The Glorious Work was then Reserv'd for Thee,
 As once at *Actium Antony's* Defeat,
 Made *Rome* more Happy, and *Octavius* Great.

May his Successes still attend on You,
 And in Your Fortunes be *Augustus* too.
 Till You Your Empire vast, as His extend,
 Which only Earth's extreamest Bounds shall end.

F I N I S.

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